

TALES FROM THE BEHAVIORAL SINK

PARANOIA

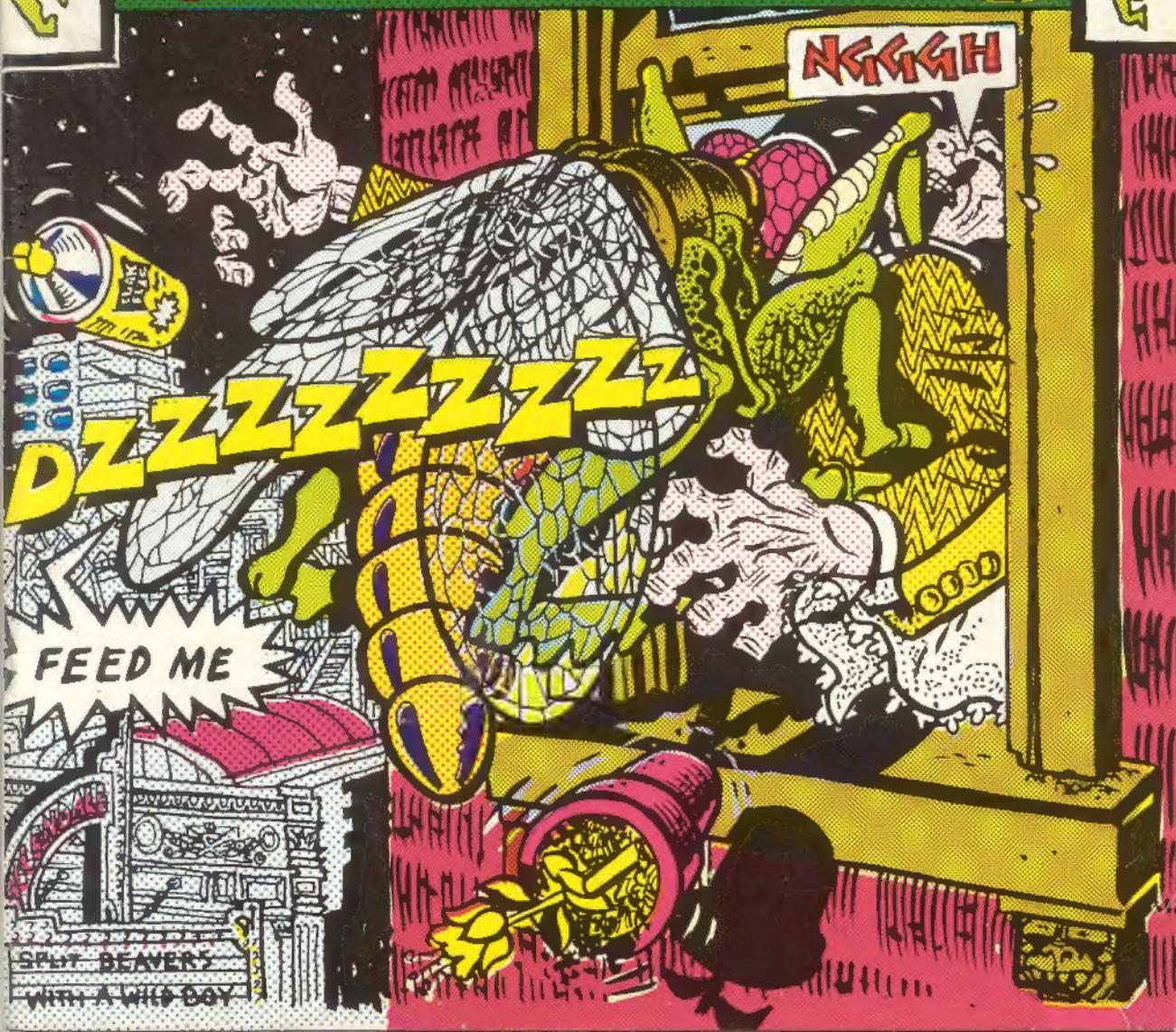
# INSECT FEAR

NO. 2

THE PRINT  
MINT

FOR  
ADULT  
INTELLECTUALS  
ONLY

KNOWLEDGE





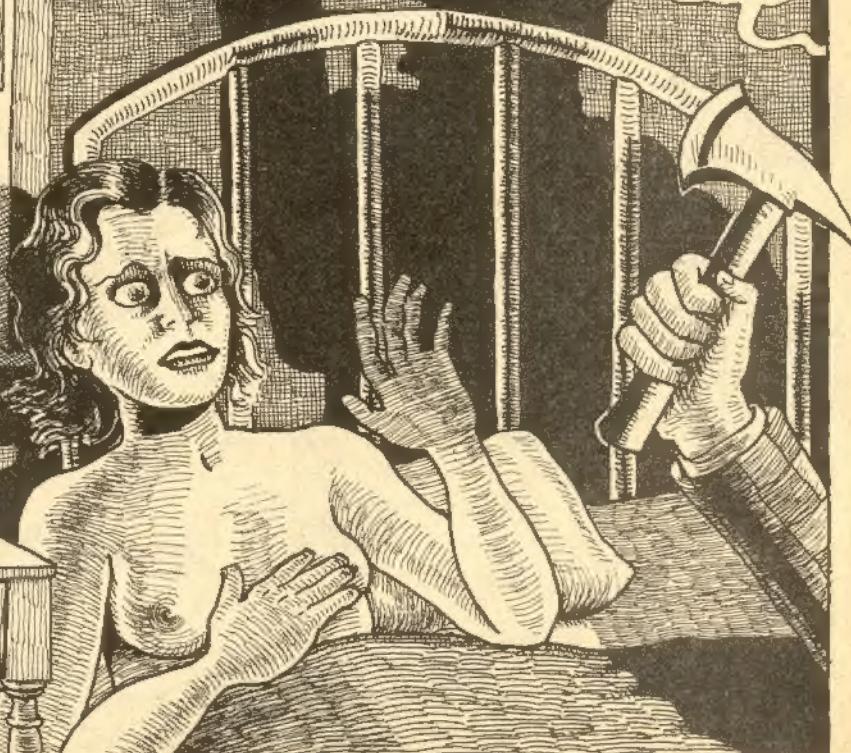
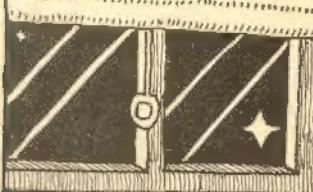
JUST HOW ARNOLD AND GWEN FAVATEEN EVER GOT TOGETHER IS CLEARLY A MYSTERY IN ITSELF. ARNOLD AT 36 WAS ALL BUT OVER THE HILL. GWENDOLYN STILL BEAUTIFUL AT 27, WAS SOMETHING OF A CULTIST AND CURRENTLY A STUDENT OF.....



GWEN

# AUTO SUGGESTION

I'M SORRY DEAREST, BUT IT'LL ONLY HURT FOR A MOMENT AND AFTER ALL, IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD



OUR STORY BEGINS IN MORGANVILLE,  
A HICK TOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF  
ST. LOUIS. THE YEAR IS 1928.

"DAY BY DAY, IN  
EVERY WAY..."

"WILL YOU  
SHUT UP. YOU'VE  
BEEN DRIVING  
ME COO COO  
SINCE YOU  
GOT THAT  
FOOL  
BOOK"

"LISTEN CREEP  
THANKS TO THIS  
"FOOL BOOK" I'VE  
GOTTEN WISE TO  
THE LIKES OF YOU!"

AUTO  
SUGGEST

JUST THEN, DISGUISED AS A MAGAZINE  
ADD, FATE STEPPED IN

"HMM... DAY BY DAY, IN  
EVERY WAY, I AM  
GETTING BETTER  
AND BETTER  
OOOO"

"SPICY DETECTIVE... PAGE 9  
AT LAST YOU CAN  
SAVE ON  
COSTLY  
MEDICAL  
BILLS!"

WITH THIS GREAT NEW BOOK  
50 GREAT MOMENTS IN  
SURGERY! 1.00  
JUST SEND IN THIS  
COUPON TO DAY!  
D. W. P. LUMD. VLADIMIRSK.  
50 THRILLING  
OPERATIONS / NAME  
DESCRIBED WITH  
200 EASY TO  
UNDERSTAND  
ILLUSTRATIONS / ADDRESS  
LEFT TO THE  
IMAGINATION / AGE

ARNOLD ACTED AT ONCE

"WELL HEH  
HEH  
HERE GOES  
NOTHIN"

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO  
SOON!

THE BOOK ARRIVED A WEEK LATER,

AT  
LAST!

THAT'LL  
BE ONE  
DOLLAR  
C.O.D.

HERE  
YOU ARE  
MY GOOD  
MAN!

ARNOLD!

HUH?

I HAVE  
SOMETHING  
TO TELL  
YOU



FIRST, A LITTLE CHLOROFORM, JUST  
TO MAKE SURE SHE STAYED ASLEEP



THEN, DOWN TO THE BASEMENT

DON'T WORRY  
MY SWEET  
I'LL MAKE  
YOU BETTER  
(SNICKER)



THEN, A LITTLE DRINK  
JUST TO STEADY THE  
NERVES



THE "PATIENT'S  
HEAD IS  
SHAVE D,..



..AND THE FRONTAL  
INCISION IS MADE



SINCE ARNOLD SUBSTITUTED A SOUVENIRE "TONG HATCHET"  
(HE'D OBTAINED ON HIS HONEYMOON IN CHINA TOWN,) FOR THE SCALPEL CALLED FOR IN THE INSTRUCTIONS  
..... THE INCISION, WAS ON THE DEEP SIDE.

HMM

FIGURE 4: LOBOTOMIES  
BROWNE  
Lobe

FIGURE 3  
FRONTAL  
Lobe

7. THEN A MILD  
ANESTHETIC IS  
ADMINISTERED  
8. THE PATIENT'S  
HEAD IS SHAVED  
9. THE FRONTAL  
INCISION IS  
MADE.... SEE  
FIGURE 3  
10. HOW THE  
WOUND IS  
SEWED UP  
11. AF

BUT ONCE THE  
WOUND WAS SEWED UP,

AND THE SCAR  
COVERED BY A BLONDE  
WIG HE'D BOUGHT  
EARLIER THAT DAY...

ARNOLD COULD  
NOW BE SURE  
THIS LITTLE  
JAZZER WOULD  
NEVER LEAVE  
...HE HAD IT  
MADE!.....  
...OR SO HE  
THOUGHT



I AM  
GETTING BUBB  
GLUP SLURP

THANKS TO ARNOLD'S "HATCHET JOB", GWENS, EGO WAS LITERALLY SHATTERED. SHE GREW DUMPIER BY THE DAY.

DAY BY DAY IN EVERY WAY, I AM GETTING BETTER AND BETTER



NOT ONLY THAT, THE BLOW HAD DAMAGED HER REASONING FACULTIES TO SUCH AN EXTENT, THAT ALL SHE COULD NOW UTTER WAS,... YOU GUessed IT...

DAY BY DAY, IN EVERY WAY, I AM GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

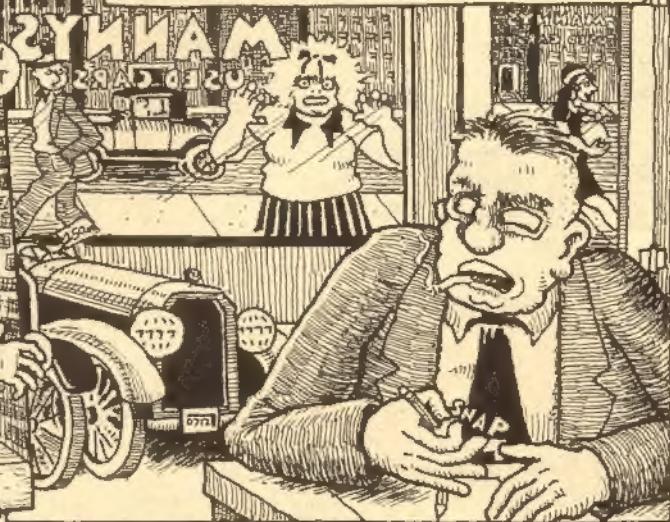
GROAN



SHE WOULD FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE CHANTING IT



EVEN AT WORK, HE WAS SPOOKED BY HER EVER PRESENT, ENDOLESSLY MUMBLING VISAGE!

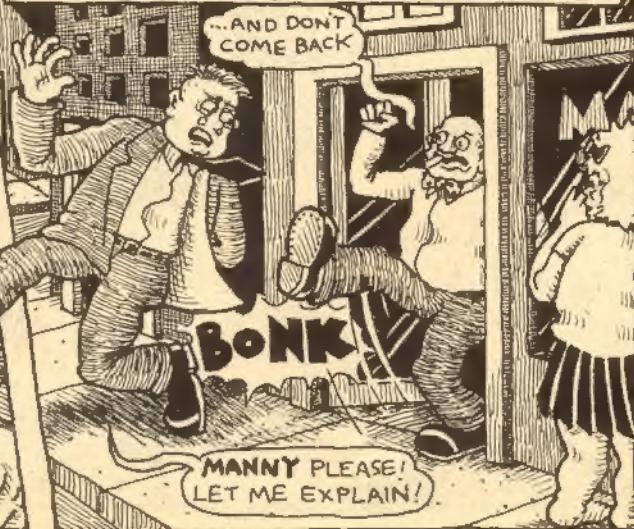


HE BEGAN TO MAKE FOOLISH MISTAKES...



WHICH ULTIMATELY COST HIM HIS JOB

...AND DONT COME BACK



NEARLY BROKE AND CLEARLY DESPERATE, ONE MORNING IN 1930, ARNOLD GOT UP EXTRA EARLY...



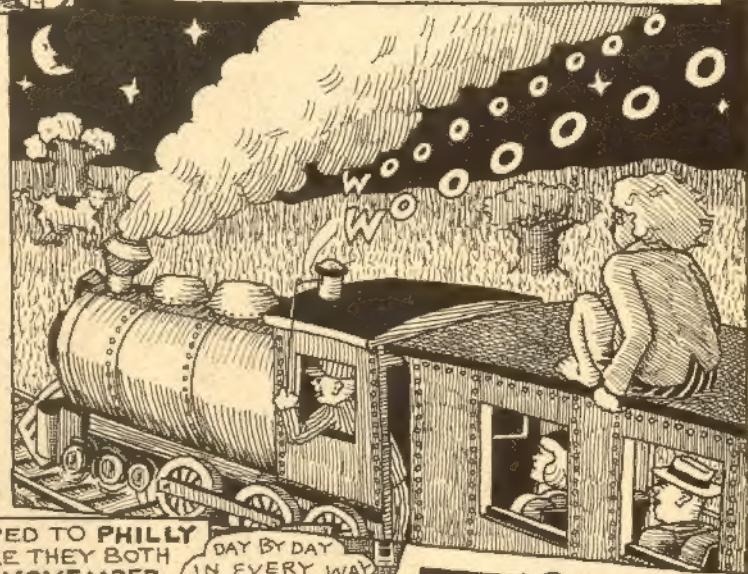
WHERE HE GOT THE 6 A.M. SPECIAL TO BALTIMORE FREE AT LAST!



...AND HOT FOOTED DOWN TO THE TRAIN DEPOT...

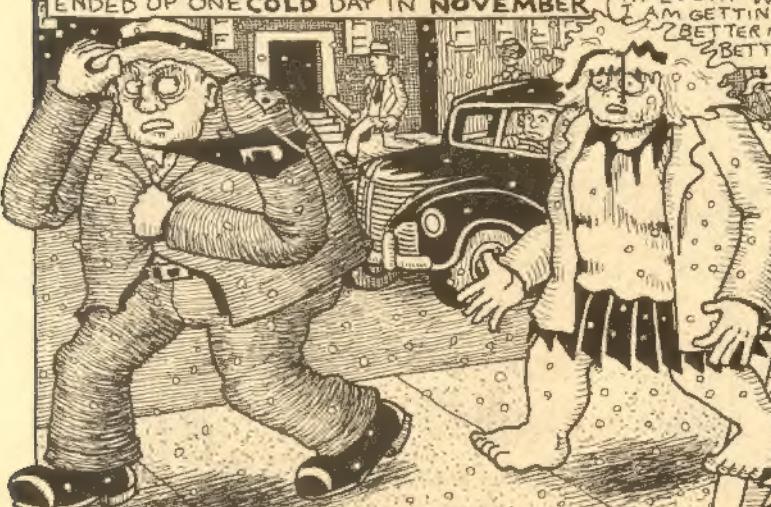


AH, BUT IT JUST WASN'T IN THE CARDS!



FROM BALTIMORE HE JUMPED TO PHILLY AND THEN NEW YORK WHERE THEY BOTH ENDED UP ONE COLD DAY IN NOVEMBER.

DAY BY DAY  
IN EVERY WAY  
I AM GETTING  
BETTER AND  
BETTER



NOWADAYS, YOU CAN USUALLY FIND THEM OVER ON 42ND STREET  
AT THE MOUTH OF TIMES SQUARE

NOW DON'T CROWD ME FOLKS,  
THERE'S A DR. COUÉ, MARVEL CURE,  
FIGURINE, FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE  
OF YOU. WHY JUST THINK, YOU TOO  
CAN JOIN THE GROWING, GREATFUL,  
THRONGS WHO HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH  
THIS FABULOUSLY SIMPLE SOLUTION TO  
LIFE'S TEARFUL TORMENTS;..... AND  
AFTER ALL, WHAT IS LIFE BUT JUSTA  
LITTLE LAUGH, JUST A LITTLE TEAR...



ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGEND, THERE EXIST STRANGE BEASTS WITH THE ABILITY TO ASSUME THE FORM OF A MAN. SUCH ANIMALS AS BATS, WOLVES, TIGERS, AND OTHER CARNIVOROUS CREATURES OF THE NIGHT THOUGH SCOFFED AT BY SCIENCE, THE PERSISTENT STORIES OF THESE WERE-BEINGS SOMETIMES SEEM TO BE THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS

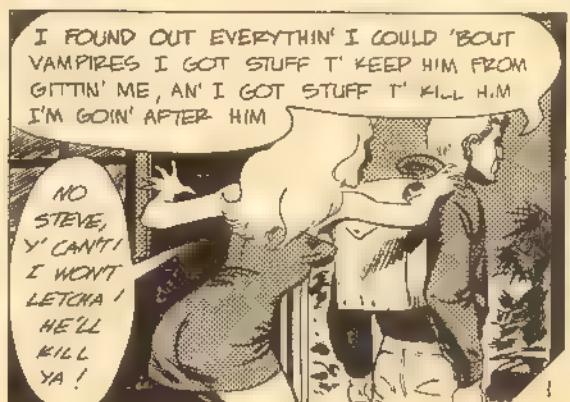
# BLOOD-MURDERS!

by Roger Braund  
© Aug '70



IN THIS SMALL SOUTHERN SWAMP TOWN, SUPERSTITION IS WIDESPREAD, AND THE RUMOR OF A GHASTLY FLYING KILLER

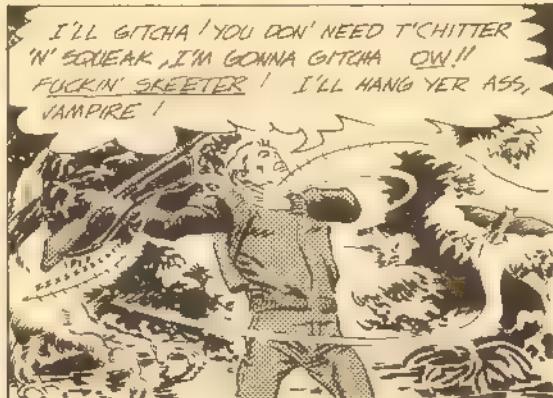
HIDEOUS AND EVIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION IS ENOUGH TO KEEP HALF THE VILLAGE TREMBLING BEHIND LOCKED DOORS



BUT STEVE PINE CAN'T BE STOPPED



— SHIT HOWDY ! THIS OL' SWAMP  
GIVE ANYBODY THE SPOOKS —



BUT THE BAT LEADS THE HUMAN A CONFUSED  
AND AIMLESS CHASE FOR SEVERAL HOURS UNTIL  
FINALLY, AS THE SUN VANISHES BEHIND THE  
JAGGED HILL-LINE ..



SLOWLY, BITTERLY, STEVE WALKS OUT OF THE SWAMP, NUMB WITH HATRED AND REVULSION



END

# INSECT

WALL ROOM IN COLD SWEAT,  
BERNICE SCREAMED  
AND SCREAMED...

THE GIANT INSECTS CHATTERED OVER, AND EXPLORED, THE COLD STIFF BODY OF LULU. BERNICE HAD NO INKLING OF WHAT CAME NEXT, OR WHY OR WHEN..



EARLIER  
THAT DAY...  
LULU HAD  
FOUND  
TEEMING DROVES  
OF INSECTS  
SWARMING  
THROUGH  
THE SILK  
THINGS IN  
HER DRAWERS  
SHE HAD BECOME  
FRIGHTENED  
EVEN THEN..  
SHE COULDN'T  
EVEN MUSTER  
A YELL FOR HELP.



Giant insects also beset Wes and Harley, who, on their choppers, expected an uneventful ride to Bernice and Lulu's. Escape from a grotesque death, was, of course, impossible.



MEAN WHILE, LULU DIES OF FEAR...INSECT FEAR...



AND GOD MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL



BERNICE FELL TO THE FLOOR AS THE MURDEROUS INSECTS SHREDDED APART HER YOUNG VITALS.. THEN, ALL THAT COULD BE HEARD IN THE HOUSE, WAS THE INSIDIOUS TWITTER OF THE CREATURES AS THEY FEASTED ON THE FLESH OF THE TWO GIRLS.

**T. GREEN**

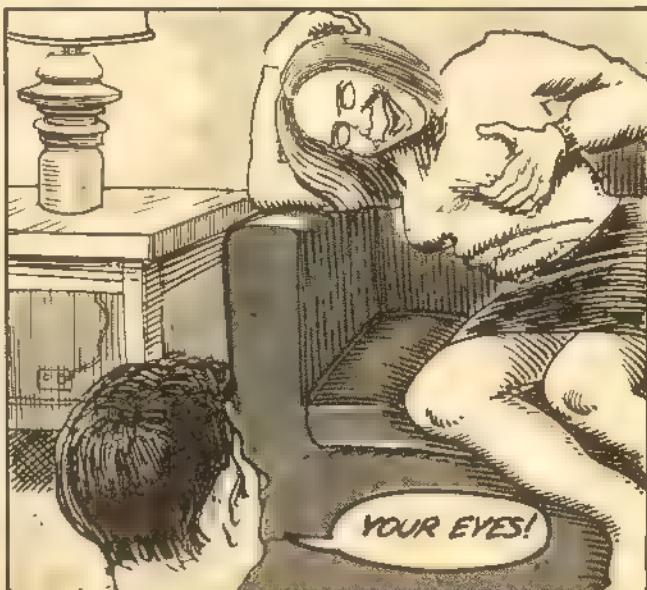
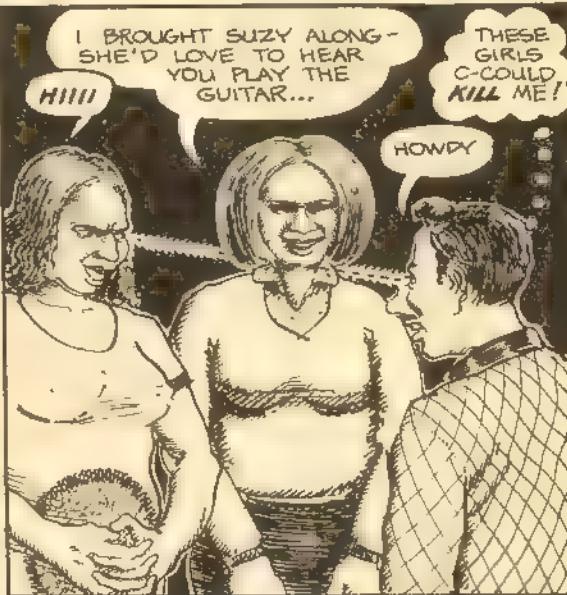


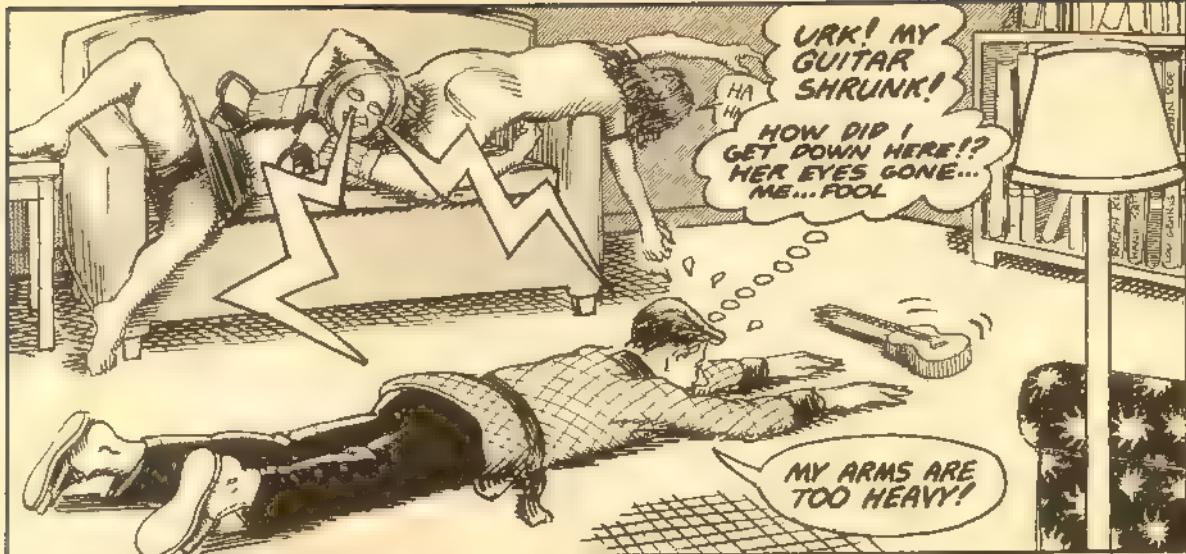
I WAS LIVING IN A SMALL EAST COAST CITY, SOMETIME DURING THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY. I WAS A BACHELOR IN HIS MID-THIRTIES EXPECTING A GIRL WHO WAS AN "EASY LAV."

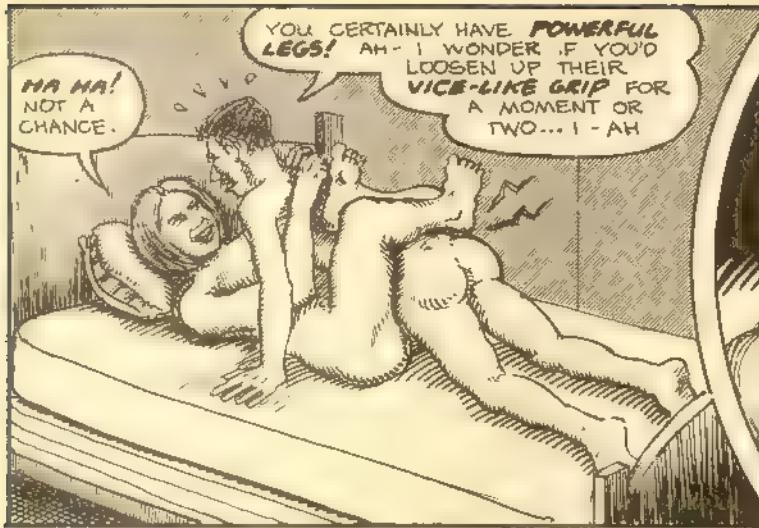


I HAD A BUDDY ONCE WHO,  
SHORTLY BEFORE HE WENT UNDER,  
INSISTED THAT PRESIDENT JOHN-  
SON, IN A 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY ADDRESS,  
URGED THE NATION TO POUR-OFF  
IN TEAMS OF VAMPIRES! WELL,  
I COULDN'T SYMPATHIZE WITH  
HIS TERROR UNTIL I, MYSELF WAS  
VICTIMIZED IN...

# The Dream of **BUXOM** **VAMPIRES**





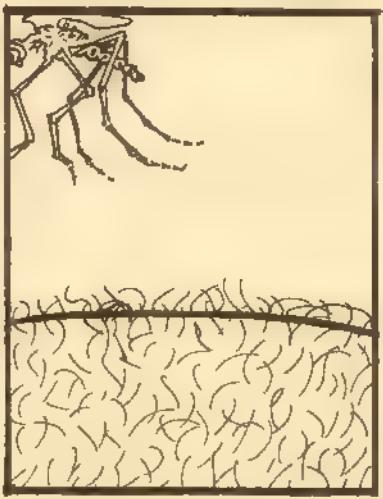




THE MOSQUITO IS A SMART GIRL

SHE WAITS IN SILENT PATIENCE

DAINTILY SHE MOUNTS HER PREY



AND COYLY DRINKS HER FILL

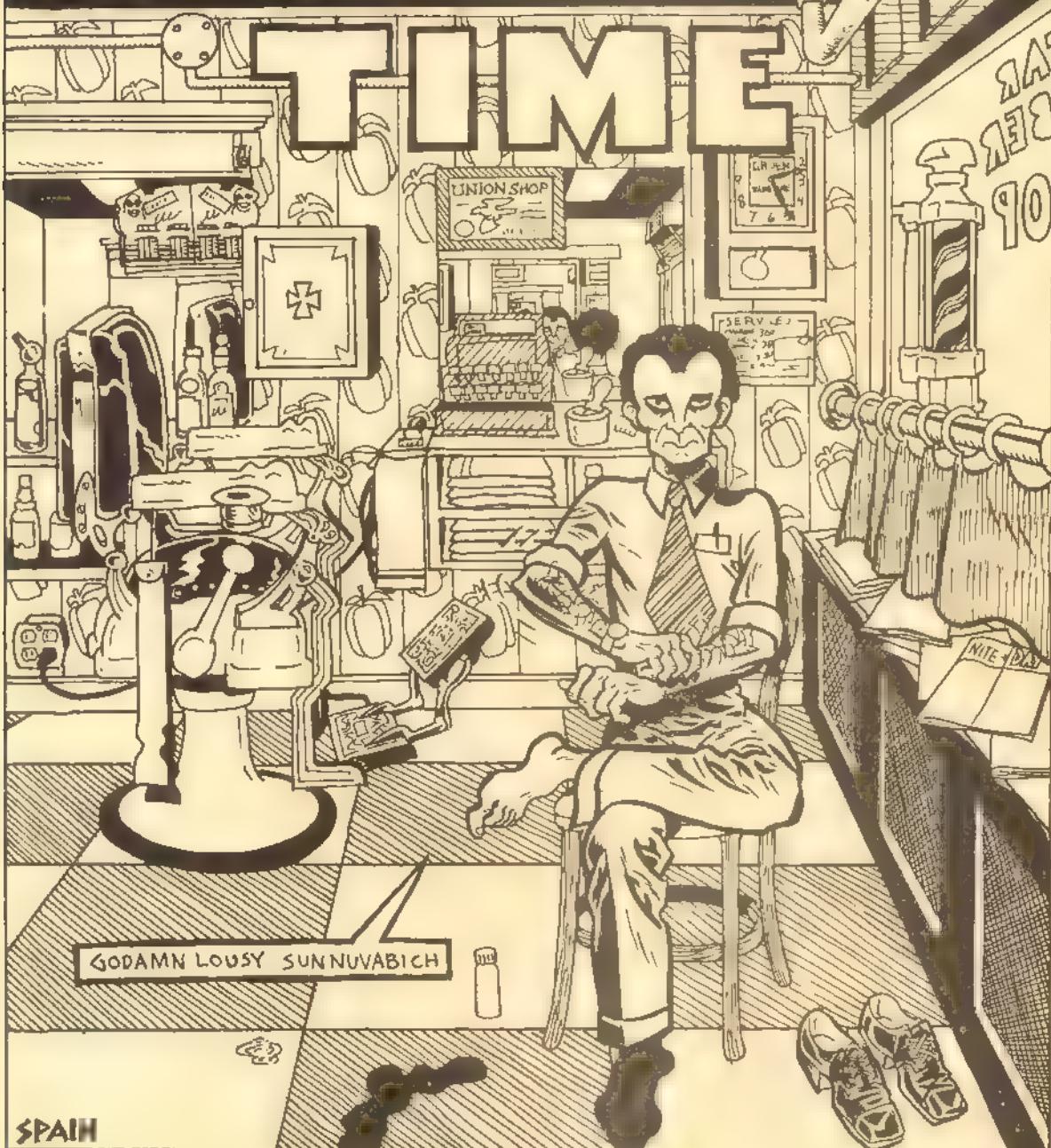
THEN RUSHES OFF

HE SWATS

BUT TO NO AVAIL BECAUSE ITS...

# FEEDING

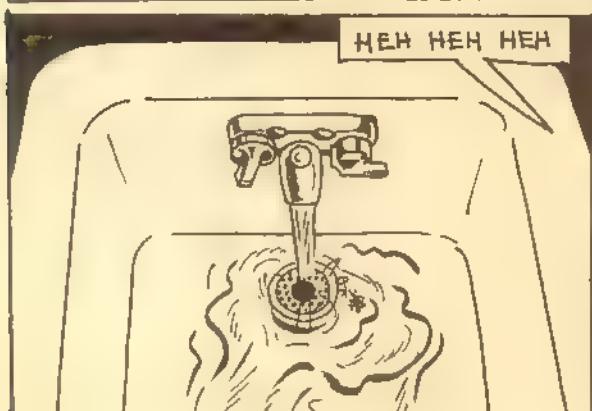
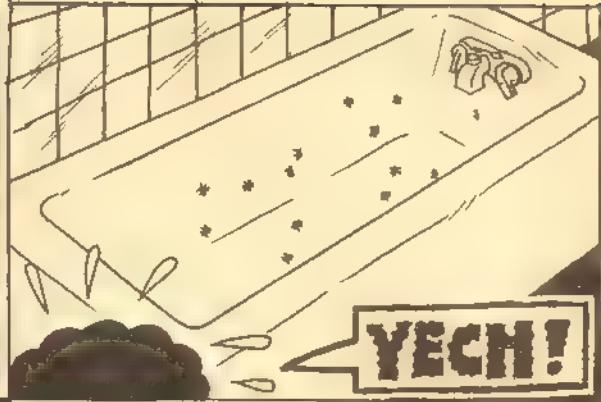
# TIME

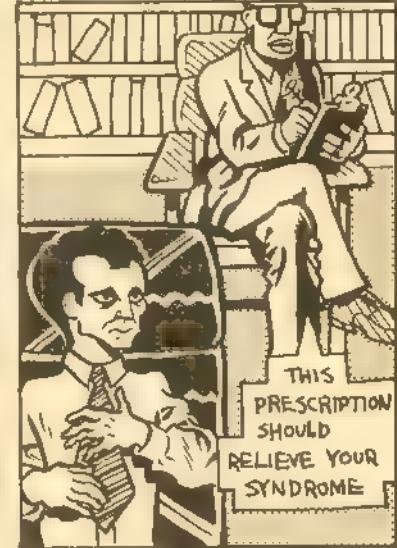
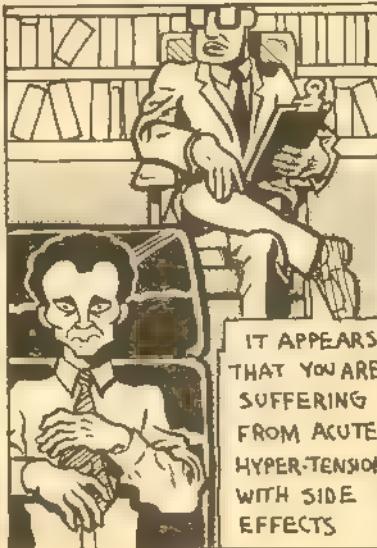
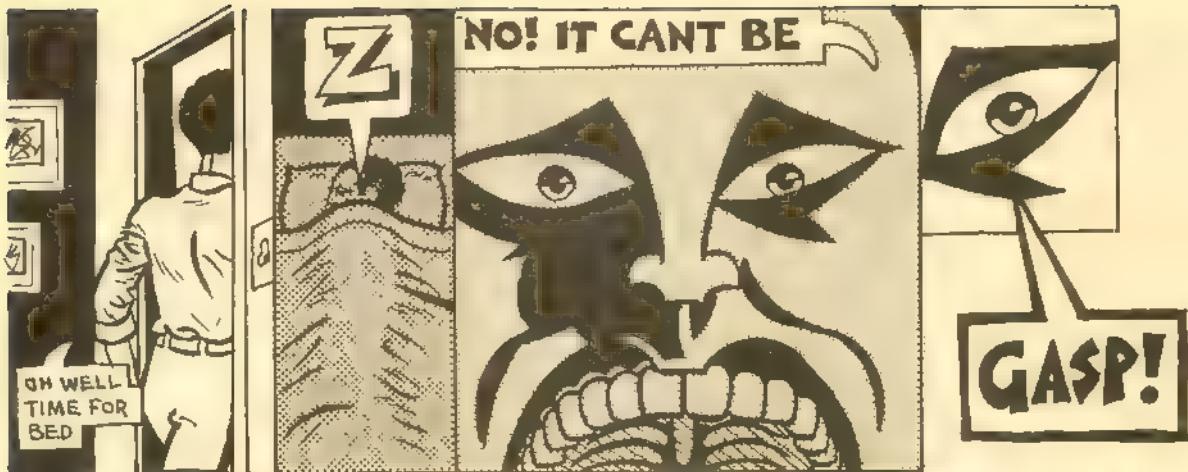


DING A LING

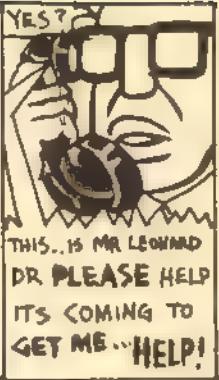


A GOOD BATH  
IS WHAT I  
NEED





THAT EVENING



IN RESPONSE TO MR LEONARD'S URGENT PLEA, DR. WEBERMAN QUICKLY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE

HELP ME  
SOME ONE



# Presenting THE OLD CODGER

ANOTHER SERRING EPISODE  
TORN FROM THAT  
UNPUBLISHED MASTERPIECE  
TAMPICO TALES

AND THE USURL CORRIDOR CREEPS WERE  
CONTINURLY SPECULATING ON HIS  
COMINGS AND GOINGS...

GEEZER USTA WORK AS A  
SHANGHAIER FER OL' CALICO  
JIM-NEVER BROKE TH'  
HABIT, YEH...

HEARD HE TURNED TA  
CRNNIBALISM DURIN' TH'  
DEPRESSION

THEM  
WUZ LEARN  
YEARS

SHADDUP-AN' GIT INNA  
SACK, YA LITTLE BUGGER!  
NOT ONE PEEP  
OUTTA YA!

FLOP!

WRAB! MOMMY  
'N DADDY JEST SHOVED  
ME OUTTA TH' CRR AT A  
RED LIGHT!

THE TENANT IN ROOM 202 WAS A  
CREATURE OF DISGUSTING HABITS

UGLY OL' FART,  
AIN'T I? HEE  
HEE HEE HEE



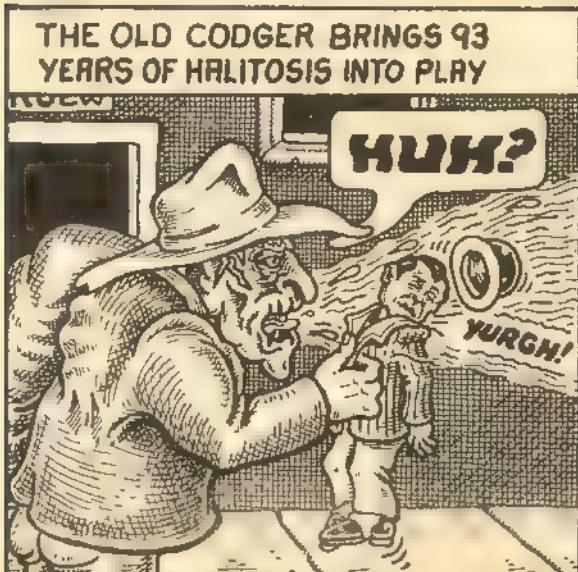
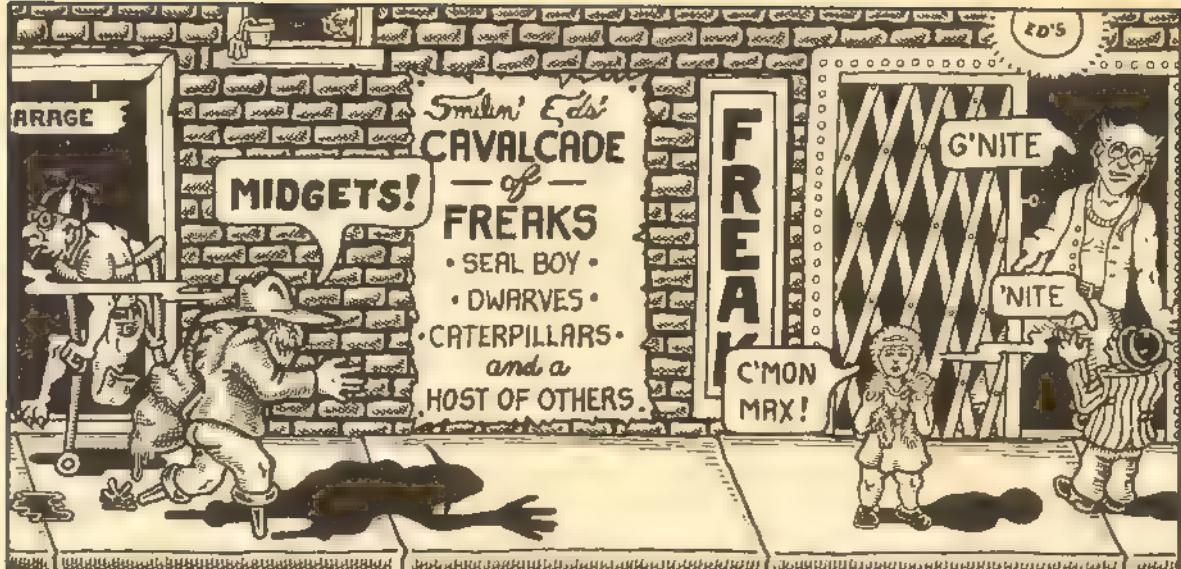
WHICH PISSED THE OLD CODGER  
OFF TO NO END.

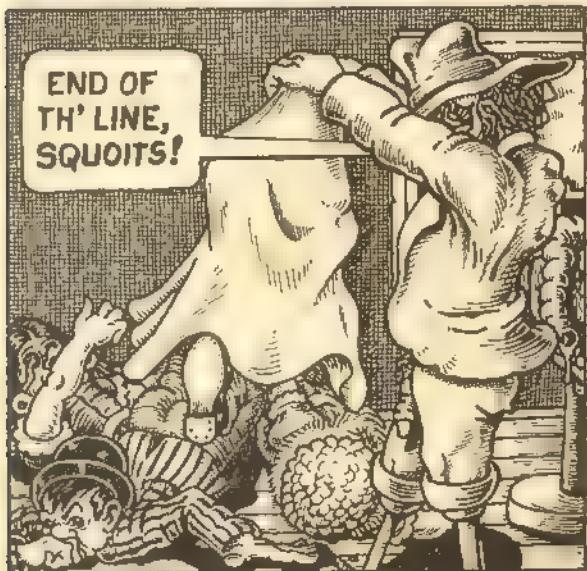
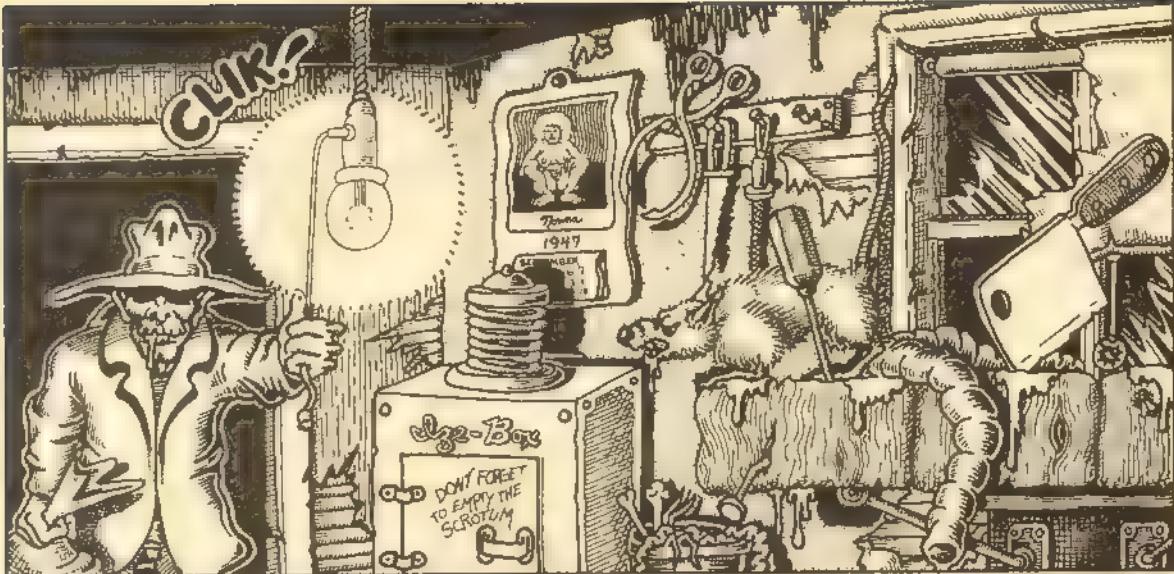
STINKIN' OL' TURDS  
ALLUS MINDIN'  
OTHER STUDS'  
BUSINESS! GAW  
DRMNED CIRCLE  
JERKIN' MOTHAS  
MUMBLE MUMBLE

PICKA  
POKA  
POK PIC

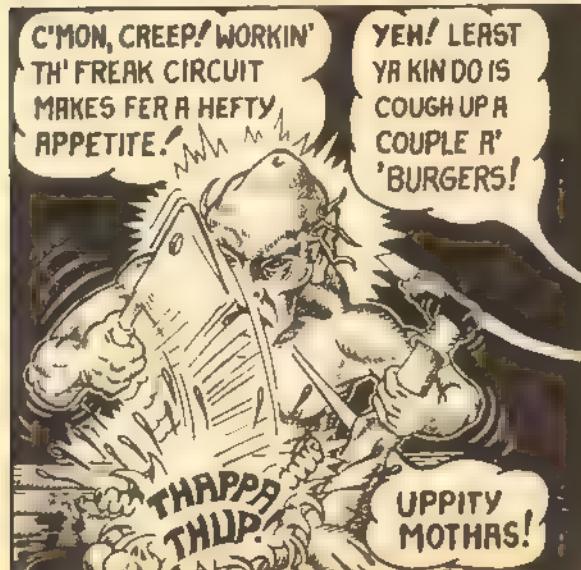
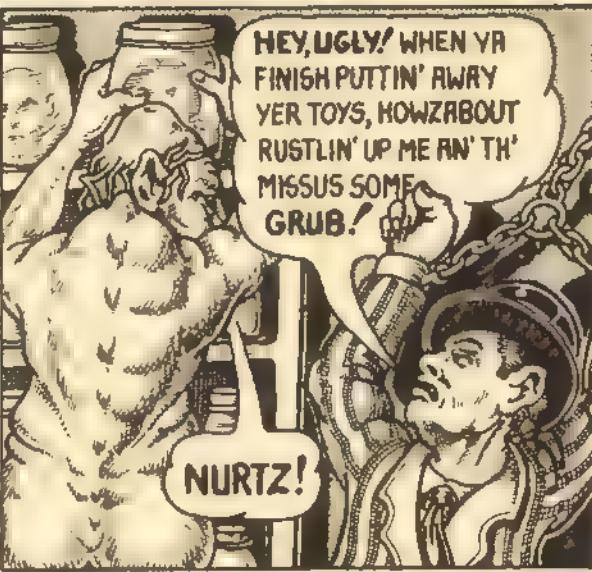
SNIFFLE, SNORK  
SHEEIT! I'M  
LORSTED!

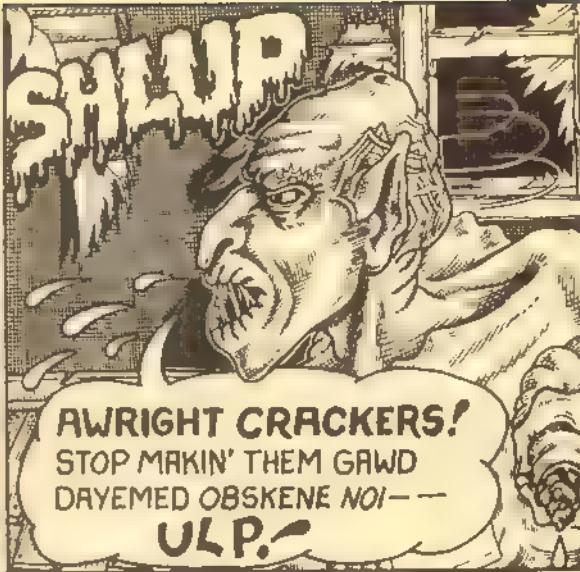
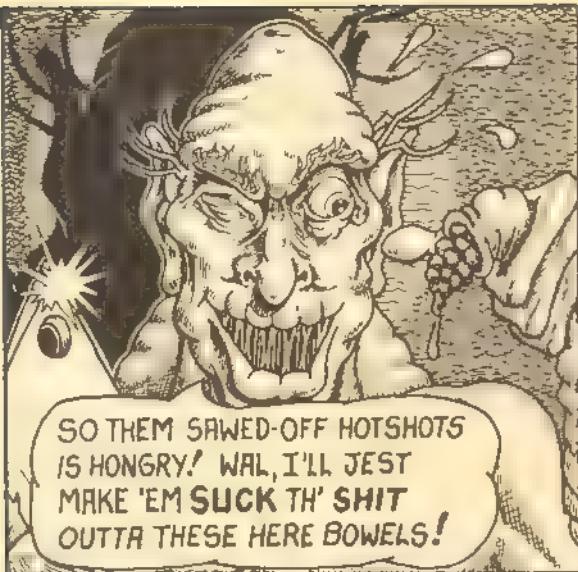












WH-WH-WHERE'D  
YOU COME  
FROM?

-BEEN HERE ALL TH' TIME, SAP! WE JEST  
CRAWLED OUTTA OUR STREET CLOTHES!

MAX'N'MELBA, TH'  
CROATIAN CATERPILLARS!

YEH! Y'SEE  
WE'RE...

STARS OF  
SMILIN' ED'S  
FREAK SHOW!

RIGHT, JOCKO!

AND BEIN'  
CATERPILLARS  
WE EAT 16 TIMES  
OUR WEIGHT DAILY!

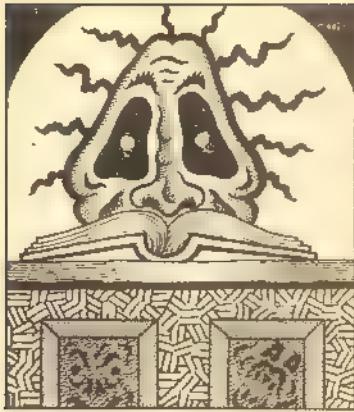
OH NO  
NO!

AND WE'VE DECIDED  
TO START WITH YOU!

SHH  
EE  
HAWP!

DEAR READER! DUE TO THE EXTREME  
VIOLENCE OF THE OLD CODGER'S DE-  
MISE, WE HAVE, IN FULL KNOWLEDGE  
OF YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES,  
PRUDENTLY DRAWN THE CURTAIN  
ON THE STORY AT THIS POINT.

AS FOR MAX AND MELBA, THOSE  
MURDEROUS MULTIPODS, THEY  
EVENTUALLY RECEIVED THEIR  
JUST DESSERTS—NAMELY, THE  
CONTENTS OF THE PICKLING JARS  
ON THE OLD CODGER'S SHELVES!



**BOOO! NOW THAT MY PARTNERS IN HORROR HAVE RECITED THEIR REVOLTING FABLES OF FEAR, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR OLD FAVORITE STORYTELLER OF TERRIFYING CLASSICS OF THE MACABRE, TO CHOKED OUT THIS MORBID TALE. NO ONE KNEW HOW IT STARTED, OR WHEN IT BEGAN, OR WHY IT HAPPENED. LIKE AN EXPLOSION, OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION WAS SAVAGELY THRUST INTO A LIVING NIGHTMARE OF VIOLENCE AND DESTRUCTION! THE GOD OF ALL EVIL BELLOWED OUT HIS THUNDEROUS CURSE ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR PLANET, AND ALL MANKIND HOPELESSLY REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE END! SIMULTANEOUSLY, OUR ENTIRE POPULATION SHARED THE SAME FEELING OF ULTIMATE INSANITY AND HORROR, FOR THEY KNEW THAT EVERY ACRE OF EARTH WAS COVERED WITH THE RAPIDLY MULTIPLYING DISEASE OF.....**

# **THE WRATH OF MAZOR STORM**



R. HAYES

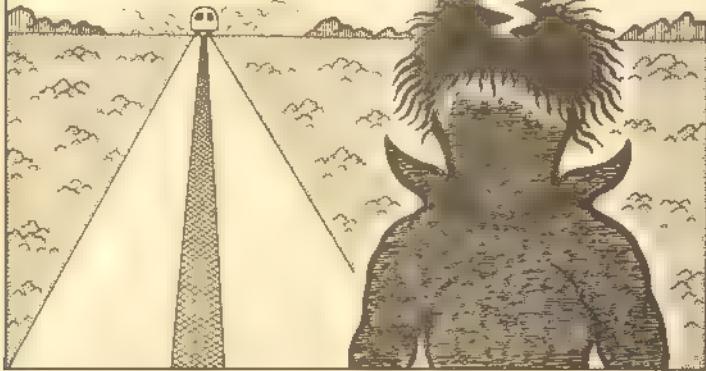
**ON A LONE DESERT ROAD STANDS A FOREBODING AND BIZZARE FIGURE.....**



**HEE...HEE...  
HEE...HEE...  
HEE...HEE  
HEE...HEE...**



AHHH... HERE  
COMES A VEHICLE  
NOW! CHUCKLE...



A SPEEDING PANEL TRUCK COMES  
ROARING VIOLENTLY DOWN THE  
HIGHWAY.....

WATCH OUT  
MUTHA FUCKERS  
HERE I COME!



INSIDE, AT THE WHEEL,  
SITS A BRAIN DISEASED BEAT-  
NICK. HE CANNOT TALK  
STRAIGHT AND MUMBLES STU-  
PIDLY AS HIS BULGING EYEBALLS  
STARE DAZEDLEY AT THE HOT  
ROAD AHEAD....



SUGZEE... URK...  
FOPIG.... UHH...  
GUM... SSSS...  
SUMTIN... STAN-  
DIN... UH... IN  
ROAD... AHEAD  
UF MEEEEE...



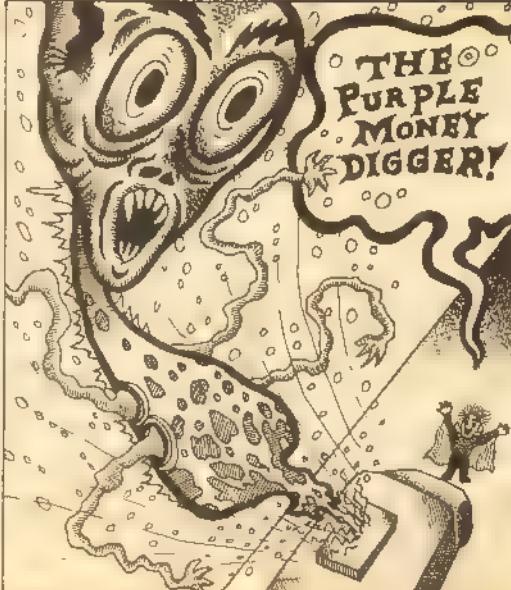
AS THE TRUCK  
SLOWS DOWN, THE  
SATANIC FIGURE  
STANDING IN THE ROAD  
RAISES HIS RIGHT  
HAND.....



SAGORTH~ SEPEREN:  
MAGOZETHOREPB~  
INFOFORMEEE...  
TRANSCHANGE 'O'  
WORTHLESS MORTAL  
INTO...  
INTO...



THE  
PURPLE  
MONEY  
DIGGER!



HAVING CREATED ANOTHER DEADLY PAWN TO PLAY IN HIS TERRIFYING GAME OF **WORLD CONQUEST**, MAZOR UTTERS A MEDIEVIL SET OF WORDS FROM DEEP WITHIN HIS BEING. THE BIZZARELY CUTTERAL SOUND RISES TO AN EAR SPLITTING PITCH AND BREAKS THRU WEIRD LEVELS OF TIME AND SPACE AND ENVELOPES AND TAKES CONTROL OF TWO OF THE MOST HELLISH CREATURES IN EXISTENCE! WITH A HARSH SCREAM, MAZOR BRINGS HIS EULOGY TO AN ABRUPT END. SATAN HIMSELF CAN BE HEARD GIGGLING INSANELY AS MAZOR STORM STANDS IN THE CENTER OF POISONOUS SWIRLING MISTS AND HIS MONTROUS SLAVES OF DEATH FLOAT IN LIMBO BEHIND HIM! SADISTICALLY, MAZOR CAREFULLY PLOTS OUT HIS INVASION TO DESTROY OUR WORLD!



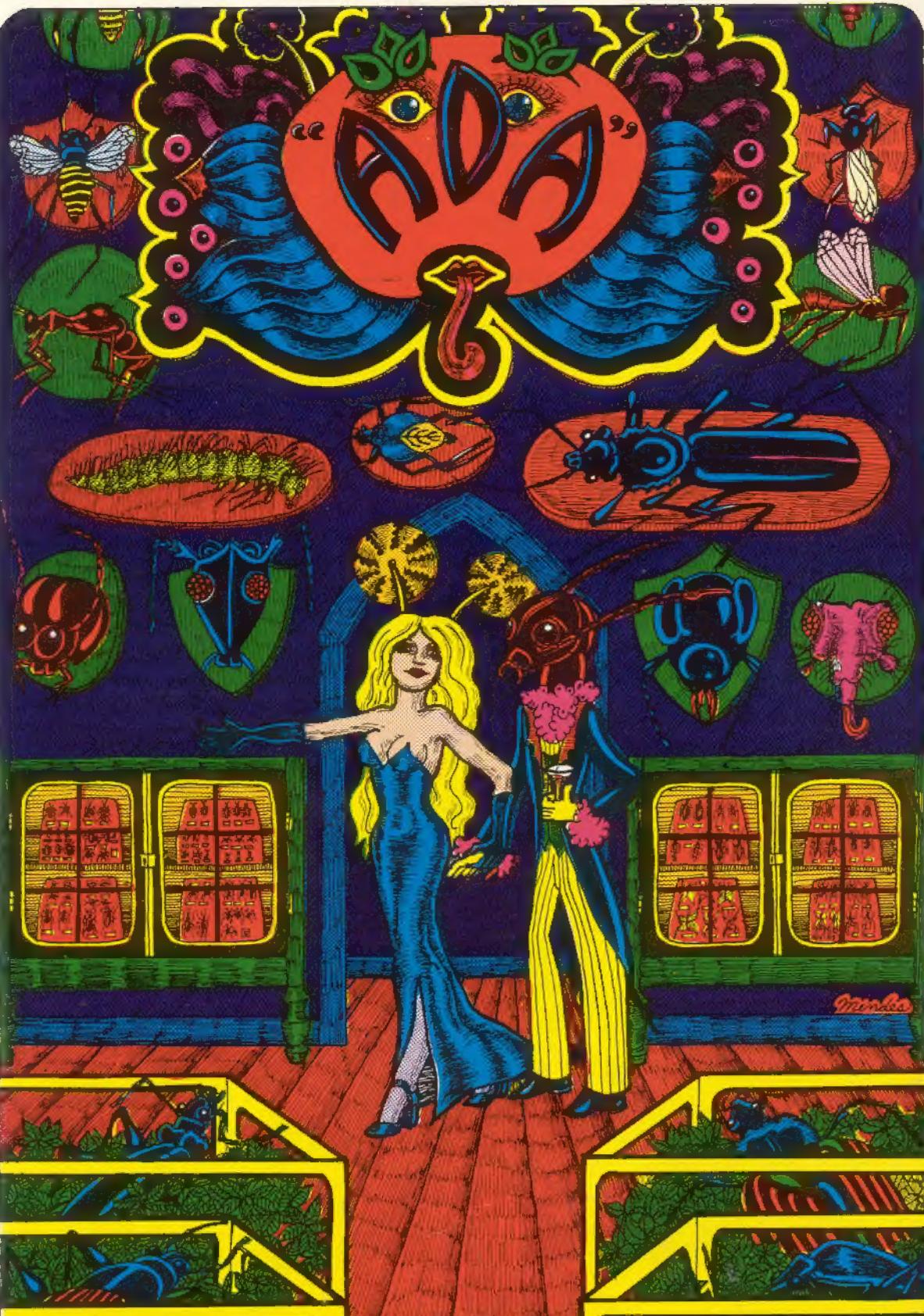
**MAZOR STORN AND HIS FOUL DEMONS EMIT AN AGONIZING, DEATHLY SCREAM AS A HUGE WEBBED FOOT COMES SMASHING DOWN UPON THEM AND WIPE OUT THEIR EVIL LIVES FROM EXISTENCE!**

**SPLAT!**

**GRARRAAA...**

**YES DEAR READER, ONCE AGAIN OUR BEAUTIFULL, WONDERFULL WORLD IS RID OF ANOTHER EVER PRESENT FORCE OF EVIL! REMEMBER FOLKS, VIOLENCE AND HATRED IS A ROAD TO NOWHERE!**

# "Aaah"



Some girls never experience "INSECT FEAR"



## Insect Fear #2

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### Artists:

Spain Rodriguez - 1, 19-24

S. Clay Wilson - 2, 14-15

Kim Deitch - 3-10

Roger Brand - 11-13

Justin Green - 16-18

Jim Osborne - 25-31

Rory Hayes - 32-35

Willie Mendes - 36

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- 16 - The Dream Of Buxom Vampires
- 19 - Feeding Time
- 25 - The Old Codger
- 32 - The Wrath Of Mazor Storn
- 36 - Ada

### Comments:

1st and 2nd editions are believed to be indistinguishable from each other.